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## Ocean Angels

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## Ocean Angels

*Elizabeth Harbaugh*

*For Sean* 4

Gulls screech above the  
Crystal waters, sail through  
The sea of clouds above  
The jade ocean waves.

Silent sand still lies,  
Lapped by dancing waves  
And scattered with shells-  
The tiles of an ancient palace.

A golden-haired girl and  
A boy with chestnut locks  
Meander along the sunny shore,  
Their toes turning shells.

Out of a dream, or perhaps  
Sent straight from a  
Cloud, appeared a man,  
Or perhaps he was an angel.

His attire was light as a bubble-  
Silken pants of a cloudy hue,  
A silver tunic graced his golden  
Chest, and his feet were bare.

Both girl and boy were entranced  
And approached the gentle stranger.  
His ethereal smile swept over them,  
And they settled their arms around him.

He knelt between them and  
Clasped their hands, and as one  
They drew towards the sea.  
The salt water licked their feet.

The angel shed his tunic and  
Turned, faced the children.  
He walked backwards without  
Faltering and soon began to swim.

As the children gasped, the  
Angel's face changed color  
And shape and it formed the face  
Of the old, the young, the eternal.

And as the clouds surrounded  
The angel, the silver tunic  
Glowed with heavenly light,  
Enfolded in the fingers of the youth.

In an instant, he had disappeared  
And the sky was clear. The children  
Stared at the tunic in their hands,  
And at the sky and the crashing waves.

And they understood.  
He was ever gone

Yet always there.  
Yet always free.